

Huntley & Palmers *the first name you think of in* Biscuits

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PUNCH



MAY
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Vol. CCXIV
No. 5604

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TO BE SURE OF PLEASURE—

say Player's please



The prettiest thing in print...

Flower-fresh patterns on
cool-colour grounds of
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by

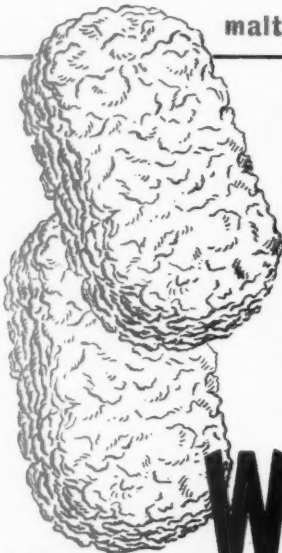
Jacqmar

16, Grosvenor Street, London. W.1.

Weetabix



is the whole wheat grain
malted, salted, and toasted



WEETABIX, Britain's favourite all-wheat breakfast cereal, contains wheat in its most appetising, nourishing form.

Although Weetabix is best known as a breakfast food, it is actually very much more—it is a meal in a moment, in itself, for every member of the family.

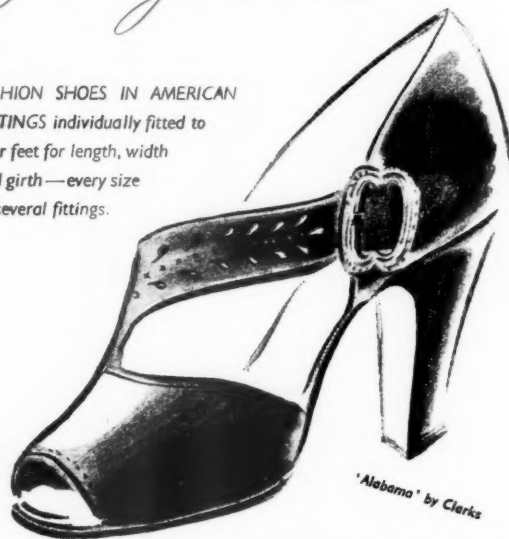
You will find Weetabix delicious with a little milk and sugar, but when milk is short, fruit, fruit juice, jam, margarine or a savoury are all equally popular. In the hands of a good cook, Weetabix lends itself admirably to the preparation of many cooked dishes as a substitute for pastry, breadcrumbs, or filling.

Weetabix
the whole wheat cereal food

8½ & 1/3
PER PACKET

Clarks
Skyline

FASHION SHOES IN AMERICAN
FITTINGS individually fitted to
your feet for length, width
and girth—every size
in several fittings.



'Alabama' by Clarks

C. & J. Clark, Ltd. (Wholesale only) Street, Somerset

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Label



INSIDE YOUR
BEAVER LAMB FUR COAT

... confirms your good judgment and
taste, is your guarantee that only the very
finest of matched skins—soft, lustrous,
long-wearing skins—have been used in
the fur coat of your choice.

REMEMBER: Only the better Beaver Lamb
fur skin coats carry the Tescan label.

TESCAN LIMITED, ROYAL OAK WORKS, 1/5, LAMB WALK,
BERMONDSEY, LONDON, S.E.1. CABLES: COLPUDDYE,
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THE **greater** THE NEED FOR

PRESTCOLD
Refrigerators

Make food go further

PRODUCT OF PRESSED STEEL CO. LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD



AHOY THERE!



*I see our
old friend
is BACK AGAIN*

IDRIS

The Quality Soft drink



SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE



For cooking - GAS
makes the
most of
coal

When Mr. Therm turns coal into gas and coke the greatest amount of heat is extracted from it, and valuable by-products, such as tar and ammonia, are saved for making Dyes, Aspirin, M & B, Plastics, Perfumes, Nylons, and thousands of other useful things.

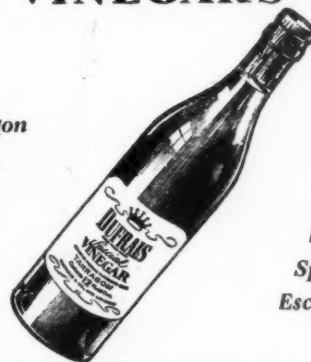


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strength up
the natural
way

Hovis

THE BETTER-
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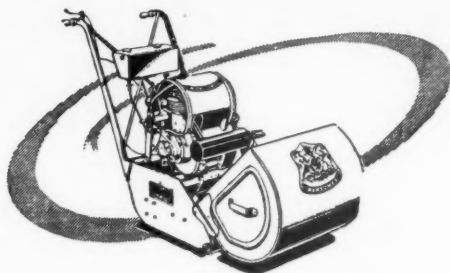
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BLENDED BRISTLES

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KENT OF LONDON
Best British Brushes



Run round with a Ransomes

Grass cutting with a Ransomes Motor Mower adds zest to an otherwise irksome task. A medium or large Lawn can be beautifully cut in a short time. . . . Owing, however, to the vital need of increasing exports, very few are likely to be available during 1943.

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Originators of the Lawn Mower.

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Who doesn't feel the strain today? The aftermath of the war years is reflected in the nervous conditions which are prevalent in people everywhere. 'SANATOGEN' Tonic Wine is a restorative, combining the qualities of a rich, full-bodied wine with the active tonic properties of 'SANATOGEN' Nerve Tonic Food.



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per 10/- bottle

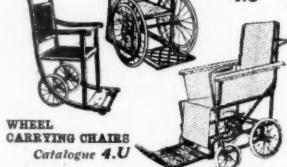
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CARRY THEM WITH YOU

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**THROAT
COMFORT**



Take them with pleasure

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*The nib of a Swan
will respond with longevity
even though treated
with heartless severity!*

★ Side lever and leverless from 21/- to 50/-, purchase tax extra
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THE ANSWER IS —
THEY SHOULD USE
Furmoto



WHAT THE
TEACHER SAID

**GUARANTEED
100%
NON-SLIP**

Furmoto shines floors like glass — produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum — yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

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Sold in tins, 1/6, 3/-, 5/- and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

**Furmoto non-slip
FLOOR CREAM**

Awarded 64 Gold Medals.

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To preserve your shoes. Polish them with **SOLITAIRE** Shoe Polish de Luxe

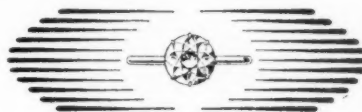
FOR THE THIRD FINGER
LEFT HAND...



DIAMONDS, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES

of the world-famed Mappin quality

IN THE UNHURRIED ATMOSPHERE OF MAPPIN AND WEBB'S SHOW-
ROOMS THE HAPPINESS OF CHOOSING AN ENGAGEMENT RING IS
SAVOURED TO THE FULL. HERE WILL BE FOUND A GOOD SELECTION
OF LOVELY STONES. EXPERT ADVICE IN THE CHOOSING, AND AN
ASSURANCE OF QUALITY IN A GIFT THAT WILL BE CHERISHED ALWAYS



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Perox Chlor is the Magic Nail Cleaner and Hand Beautifier. It takes out the dirt, makes the tips Ivory White and leaves the hands **SOFT, WHITE AND FRAGRANT.**

Your nails and hands will always look well groomed when using this **NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT. NO MESS!! NO BOTHER!!** Just squeeze a little on your nail brush and shampoo your nails and hands. Presto!! Your nails and hands become immaculate immediately.

Thousands use Perox Chlor every day. And what a boon it is to surgeons, doctors, gardeners, motorists, housewives, typists, nurses, sailors, soldiers, airmen, farmers and many more besides.

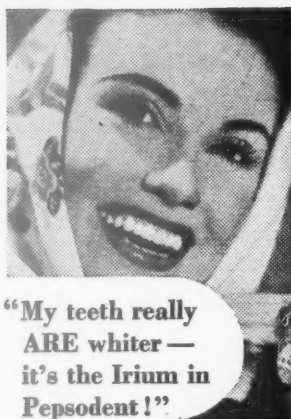
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★ **OUR GUARANTEE.** We guarantee that Perox-Chlor is made from materials selected as being the best of their kind, processed in an original manner and designed to produce an article of outstanding merit. It is guaranteed to keep in good condition until used and may be stored in any kind of climate.

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**KEENES
Perox-Chlor**
A marvel of Scientific Chemistry

KEENES LABORATORIES LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE 4



"My teeth really
ARE whiter —
it's the Irium in
Pepsodent!"

WHY? Your teeth have a lovely natural surface—shining and polished! But their whiteness is often hidden by dingy film.

This film also shelters acid-forming microbes which lodge in tiny crevices and start decay.

Film clings stubbornly. But it is quickly emulsified and washed away by Irium—exclusive to Pepsodent. Irium acts gently, safely. No more effective tooth-cleaning substance is known to dental science.

You can prove it for yourself! A week's use of Pepsodent toothpaste will give you brighter, whiter teeth, brilliantly clean, with no germ-sheltering film. Keep your teeth film-free. Clean them carefully twice a day, night and morning.

(Pp 130-835-65)

BUT DON'T YOU SEE?
THIS WAY CLEANS THE
S-BEND, TOO



You can't reach the S-bend, the pipe at the back of the lavatory, with a cloth or brush. But you can reach it with Harpic!

You'll find Harpic not only cleans and disinfects the pan. It sweeps right round into the S-bend where no brush or cloth can reach — kills germs, leaves the whole bowl clean and fresh.

HARPIC

Made specially for the lavatory
Harpic Manufacturing Co., Hull & London

IT'S A GOOD
SHIRT IF IT'S A

Radiac

FASHIONED TO FIT—
WOVEN TO WEAR

9



NO SKIMPING

All shirts cut to a consistently liberal scale, giving full skirt and ample shoulder room. Unfortunately supplies are still very limited.

McINTYRE, HOGG, MARSH & CO. LTD
Shirt Manufacturers for over 100 years

The Rolex Oyster passes every test for reliability



No watchmaker's laboratory could have devised a greater test for reliability and accuracy than the wartime service of the Rolex Oyster. The first waterproof watch in the world, the Oyster was present on every front—on land, on sea, in the air, and at home—and proved its qualities every second.

A new member of the Rolex family, the Tudor, also makes its bow. This is the perfect watch for those who want a genuine Swiss movement in a handsome stainless-steel case at a lower price. Every Tudor carries the Rolex label of guarantee.

Consignments are still small, but more watches and models can confidently be expected as soon as the situation permits.



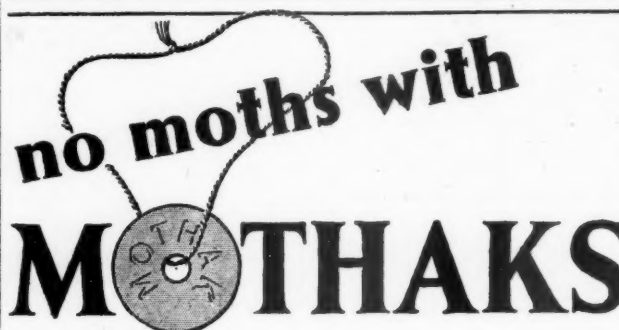
Meanwhile, you may be able to satisfy your long-felt desire to own one of the finest watches ever made in Switzerland.

IMPORTANT. To ensure that your Oyster remains completely waterproof, please see that the crown is screwed down tightly after winding.

OBTAINABLE AT LEADING JEWELLERS ONLY

ROLEX
wrist chronometres

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. Wilsdorf, Governing Director)



Hang them on hangers... pop them in drawers... 8d. per bag of 8

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Shippers of
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LIVES SAVED

Over 75,000 lives have been saved since the Life-boat Service was established in 1824. An average of 11 lives per week. Help the life-boat men in this magnificent work by sending a contribution.

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For **RHEUMATISM**
LUMBAGO · SCIATICA · GOUT · ETC.
Obtainable from all Chemists

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**Potter's
gives
quick
relief**

Keep a tin of Potter's Asthma Remedy in the home. No longer will you fear the sudden attacks by day or dread the coming of night. It is the household remedy unequalled for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup and all bronchial troubles.

**POTTER'S
ASTHMA REMEDY**

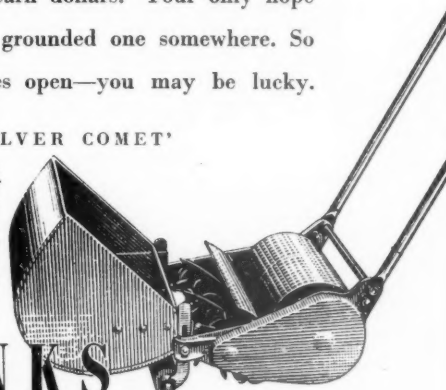
Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and
Stores at 2/5 including Purchase Tax.

If you see a comet—

Our advice is to put some salt on its tail — quickly. This is the migratory season, and Shanks "SILVER COMETS" are on the wing now to earn dollars. Your only hope is to catch a grounded one somewhere. So keep your eyes open—you may be lucky.

SHANKS 'SILVER COMET'

Roller type mower, 6 blades in cutter, self aligning ball bearings. Enclosed gears. Differential gear in rollers. 12 inch cut. Complete with grass box.



SHANKS MOWERS

ALEXANDER SHANKS & SON LTD.,
DENS IRON WORKS, ARBROATH. London Office: 66, Victoria St., S.W.1.
(Member of the Technically Controlled Castings Group.)

Henry Cotton

himself
designed and recommends

LOTUS



Made for those who prefer rubber soles, Lotus Edgegrip have a corrugated bevel-edge so that they hold firm even when, at the end of the stroke, the foot is turned on to the inner edge.

Edgegrip Shoes for Golf

"OUR NEW WAREHOUSE...ALL
THE STORAGE BINS, LOCKERS
AND FITTINGS WILL BE STEEL
BY **Sankey-Sheldon**

OF COURSE"



Sankey-Sheldon, 46 Cannon St., London, E.C.4



Travel light . . . When carrying your own baggage, as you must so often do to-day, weight saving is all important. These cases are basically light canvas; but tough and enduring, and will hold as much as those many times their weight. The one on the right, especially recommended for air travel, only weighs 2½ lbs. compared with a normal 5 lbs.—an extra 2½ lbs. for personal belongings which otherwise would have to be left behind.

MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of
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Aldershot, Bournemouth, Bristol, Camberley, Manchester, Portsmouth, York



schweppervescence
lasts the whole drink through

Who, what, when,
where and how?

Inquiring people are always impressed to learn that AOA has experience of more than 15,000 transatlantic flights, and that "over the weather" flying is routine performance. Passengers are independent of the outside weather because cabin temperature and pressure are automatically controlled.

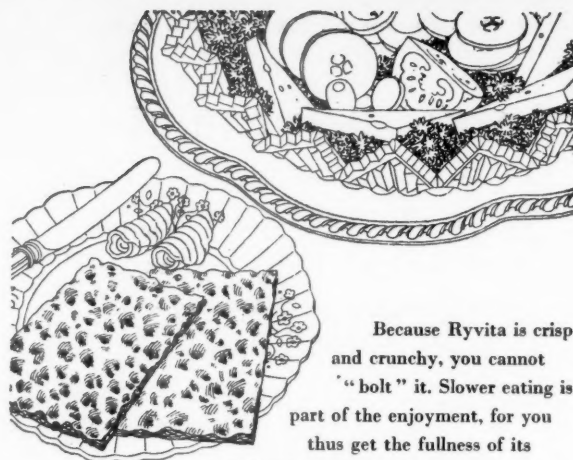
Urgent business trips are easily fitted to AOA's schedule of fast daily flights from the capitals of Europe to over 70 business centres in the USA, Canada and Mexico. Salesmen's samples, even complete orders, can be carried in the air cargo compartment of every 4-engine Flagship.



Save time, save money on this one ticket—one airline system. Daily flights from London to New York in 19½ hours. Only £86.17.0 single, £156.7.0 return. (Food and refreshments included.) No tips, no extras in flight.

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American Overseas Airlines: 180, Regent St., W.1, or 204, Sloane St.,
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Because Ryvita is crisp and crunchy, you cannot "bolt" it. Slower eating is part of the enjoyment, for you thus get the fullness of its delicious flavour. Brisk chewing is also good for the teeth, and it gives your mouth time to prepare every bit of Ryvita's whole-grain nutriment for quick, hearty digestion.

Fine, thanks!

*I eat crisp,
crunchy RYVITA
as my daily bread*

RYVITA



For custard that
you can't
surpass



The name is always
MONK & GLASS



PUNCH

OR

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXIV No. 5604

May 12 1948

Charivaria

REVIVALS of old B.B.C. programmes are not always successful. For instance, the Sunday evening feature, National Anthems of the Allies, would now date a little.

"The present Government should really inspire the country," asserts an M.P. By Going To It?

"Have you noticed how like vegetables the faces of fellow bus passengers often are?" asks an artist. No—though potatoes do strongly resemble underground tubers.

"Britain and the United States were to-day bringin gin supplies for their nationals in Berlin by rail over lines from which all military passenger traffic had been banned."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Priority



"MISUSED PETROL TO SEE
MATCH"
"Evening Standard."
Safer than vice versa.

A doctor says that whisky is no cure for snake-bites. This may check the emigration rush to countries better stocked with both.

"At least there were no bureaucrats in the Stone Age," points out an authority. So much for the theory that Stonehenge might be the remains of a prehistoric out-basket.

Many E. and S. coupon-holders were agreeably surprised when they discovered that the pint-a-week increase in the milk ration affected them too.

When the guests at an American wedding all sank into a deep slumber it was found that a disappointed suitor had put a strong sleeping mixture in the wine. The service was fully chloral.

We now hear complaints that shoddy goods are being exported. Isn't *anything* going to be left for the home market?

Railway meals vary greatly on the different Regional services. Travelers are beginning to regard destinations as of secondary importance.

A Rutland reader suggests that his county should be given a match with the Australians. Why not? Arrangements could be made for the home side to field in Lincs.

A Good Send-Off

"Sometimes after a wedding the bride is given a hoarse shoo for luck."—*Schoolgirl's essay on "Superstition."*

A New York dinner-party of psychic investigators invited famous departed spirits to attend. The chairman proposed the ghost of honour.



On Gowks

THE female cuckoo only bubbles. It is her male associates who make the noise with which we are all fairly familiar. We are not, however, all familiar with it in London at 3.30 A.M.; and thereafter without intermission until 8.15. I am.

At 4.25 I was still saying to myself "How delightful to hear the cuckoo within five miles of Charing Cross!"

At half-past six I had ceased—having less pertinacity than the cuckoo—to say this. At seven and onwards I had ceased to worry about Charing Cross at all. It is not likely that the hen cuckoo and her accomplices care very much about the distance between my house and Queen Eleanor's penultimate parking-place. Taxicab-drivers are rather fond of talking about this distance, but cuckoos do not drive taxicabs. They do no work in the world at all. Their housing programme is abominable. They lead an immoral life. They are murderers. They are confidence-tricksters. What is worse, they are rowdies. They make the night hideous with their hullabaloo.

The folk-lore of centuries and the efforts of modern bird-watchers have combined to throw a flood of light on the activities of these lamentable pests, but it is only on a morning like this, at the time of the early cup of tea, that one begins to see them steadily and see them whole, and sum them up for what they are.

The infant cuckoo is not educated to be a murderer. It adopts the profession through natural sin. It has a kind of depression between the shoulder-blades which vanishes in later life but enables it, as a young assassin, to hoist its fellow nurslings up to the edge of the nest and heave them overboard to die.

The ground and bushes below the nest are thus strewn with the mangled remnants or added yolks of its tiny friends: it is as though Richard III had been endowed with a hump in reverse and had killed the two little princes while they were all boys together, instead of later on when he understood what a nuisance nephews can be. The young ogre is then fed ceaselessly on caterpillars by the miserable dupes who have taken it in, until it is old enough to fly away, its stomach coated with hair. I am glad that its stomach is coated with hair: unless of course it is this

coating which causes it to bubble or to say cuckoo so early and so often in later years.

The mother of our tiny liquidator has of course combined shameless immorality with fraudulent pretence. She has several lovers. She does not pair like a decent woman with a single spouse. She has laid an egg several sizes too small and marked like those of the foster parents; to make room for it she has removed one of their eggs and eaten it. Neither the mother of Hamlet nor Lady Macbeth provides in our own species a parallel for such abominable crime. One has to go back to the Roman Empire or beyond.

It is not quite true to say that this gangster's moll always imitates the eggs of other birds. Being unable to lay a sky-blue egg—a thing which I suppose might happen to anybody—she has the fiendish cunning to realize that the good-natured hedge-sparrow—unlike the titlark, the meadow pipit and a dozen more—will entertain an egg of any colour that is foisted upon it, even preferring the alien egg to its own; so in the case of the hedge-sparrow she does not trouble to prevaricate. I regard this foolish behaviour of the hedge-sparrow as rather like that of Czechoslovakia faced by the intrusion of the U.S.S.R.

When the paramour of a party of male cuckoos lays two eggs in the same nest one of the little malefactors kills the other along with the rest of the natural brood. It is probably the only act in the course of its life which can be reasonably justified. I suggest that when one of this pair of crooks is a boy and the other a girl, boy kills girl, and for this reason there is always a greater supply of he-criminals than hens. Versed now in infamy and stuffed with food, the young desperado emigrates for the winter to warmer climes. I do not know what it does there. The naturalists have not told me. One has one's private opinion, perhaps, of these idle and unpatriotic loungers in tropical lands. But it does not go as early as its mother and her unholy consorts go. The elder malefactors leave, as the old rhyme tells us, in July or earlier. The young delinquents may stay until September. If Matthew Arnold had known as much about cuckoos as I do he would not have written in *Thursis*

"Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?"

He would have written "What a set!"

The whole mob returns as soon as it thinks it can get a notice in the correspondence columns of *The Times*.

* * * * *

It is now half-past nine and I have had my breakfast. The gang in the trees opposite is still calling to its light-o'-love, but there is also a considerable noise of traffic and I am inclined to take a more tolerant view. Let me say that there is in America (from which all good things flow) a kind of cuckoo which not only nests but "nests socially, several females combining to build a large nest in which they deposit their eggs together and apparently incubate side by side." There is yet another kind of which the book says "the first nest of the season is so flimsy that the eggs fall to the ground and perish, but the second is more substantial."

It is possible, I think, that the cuckoos of the old world after about a million years of losing their first nest of the season, gave up the job and fell back—too quick despairers—on debauchery, impersonation, the destruction of human slumber, and wholesale infanticide. We should never judge our fellow-bipeds more harshly than ourselves. ΕΥΩΕ.



Merryn Wilson.

"I hope you're ready for another cup of tea."



JOINT OCCUPATION

["We are in Berlin as of right. It is our intention to stay there."—Mr. Bevin, speaking in the House of Commons on Foreign Affairs.]

ZE/79/51/45/A

THIS is your NATIONAL INSURANCE NUMBER. Nobody else has got a number quite like it.

WHAT OUGHT I TO DO WITH MY NUMBER NOW I HAVE GOT IT?

First of all add up all the digits, beginning at the left. Thus 7 and 9 make 16 and 5 is 21, and so on. (Disregard the letters at this stage.) Make a careful note of the total. Now add up the digits in your *National Registration Number* and subtract the lesser total from the greater. If you are unable to do this, take the two numbers to your local Executive Council Office and ask them to help you. There may not be an Executive Council in your area at present, but the point to remember is that any help given to you, whatever the length of your numbers, is **FREE**.

The resulting or **RESIDUAL NUMBER** may be the same as other Residual Numbers in your area, but there is no need to worry about this. It does not affect the success of the scheme in any way.

DO I HAVE TO DO ANYTHING WITH THE LETTERS WHICH FORM PART OF MY NUMBER?

You should take them Now to the doctor of your choice. This need not be the nearest doctor, but in your own interests you should try to avoid choosing the *farthest*

doctor. If your chosen doctor is not taking part in the scheme, he will advise you to take your letters elsewhere, but he is not entitled to make any charge for this advice, nor, on the other hand, is he bound to tell you *where* to take them. In case of difficulty you can go to a post office or public library for a while.

If your doctor *is* taking part in the scheme he will give you a form **FREE** on which you can write down your letters as an aid to memory. It is important to remember that the *first two letters only* should be written down on the form. The doctor will retain the single letter at the end of the number (in your case A) for his own use. Once you have got your first two letters back from a doctor who is taking part you should always quote them on entering a post office or National Insurance Office. Others with the same letters may be in the building and in this way it is expected that Health Groups of sick people with a common "letter interest," e.g., the ZE Group, will gradually be formed.

IS IT ANY GOOD TAKING MY NUMBER TO A DENTIST?

Not yet. But later on, when a sufficient number of men have been directed into dentistry, you can go to any surgery that has **BRITISH DENTISTS** on a brass plate outside it, exchange numbers with the dentist in the ordinary way, and ask for treatment. You can have up to six teeth out



FREE, but if you insist on an unreasonable number of extractions you will have to pay the extra cost yourself.

DO NOT go to a post office to have your teeth attended to, except in an emergency.

WHAT IS TO PREVENT ME FROM HAVING SIX TEETH OUT AT ONE DENTIST'S AND IMMEDIATELY GOING ON TO ANOTHER FOR FURTHER EXTRACTIONS?

To counter possible abuses of this nature the dentist who first attends you will colour any teeth you may have left after the interview with a special green dye, which will be detectable for a period of eight or nine weeks after application. The Government is taking powers (under the Creation of Dental Offences Bill) to prohibit the pulling out of dyed teeth by any registered dentist.

CAN I BE ILL AS OFTEN AS I LIKE UNDER THIS SCHEME?

Yes. There are no limits to the number of visits you

may pay daily to your doctor, and later on, when the new Health Centres have been opened, rest rooms will be provided to save patients the trouble of going home between one consultation and the next. But it will help to make the scheme a success if you will try, as far as possible, to have only one complaint at a time. There are, moreover, certain scheduled diseases that it is an offence to have more than once (e.g., mumps), unless you can prove that the first attack occurred before July 5th.

IF I ALREADY HAVE MUMPS OUGHT I TO GO NOW TO A PUBLIC LIBRARY?

No. You can get a form to cover your special affliction from one of the new Infectious Post Offices which may not yet have been set up in your area. Or you can send for a doctor who is *not* taking part in the scheme. He won't be quite so busy writing down numbers on cards as the rest of them.

H. F. E.

The Royal Academy

THE bowman hitteth the mark," said the sage Ptah-hotep, "as the steersman reacheth land, by diversity of aim." Whistler hit the mark with his first exhibited painting, "At the Piano," a work of full and perfect achievement. Was he content to emulate that achievement to the end of his days? Has Sickert bequeathed merely a succession of music-hall interiors, Steer a gallery of little ladies in plumed hats, Orpen a procession of chefs? Though some of the principal contributors to the Academy continue to produce barely distinguishable variations on their favourite themes—as one may observe this year, for example, in JOHN COLE's glittering shop window of "No. 27 Davis Street," ALGERNON NEWTON's tranquil Kensington vista and urban canal, and CHARLES SPENCELAYH's endearing old man (a Dickensian this summer)—there is a welcome tendency to depart from established successes, and not a few surprises on that account.

In addition to reasserting his eminence as a painter of horses, the President, Sir ALFRED MUNNINGS, offers us evidence of wider sympathies in an enchanting summer idyll, "September Afternoon," and a picture of his garden under snow, akin in feeling to a Claude Monet. Dame LAURA KNIGHT, bravely forsaking the circus-tent, shares the place of honour in the Third Gallery with a striking landscape, "Sheep may safely graze," unhappily spoiled, to my mind, by a powerful light whose source appears to be a battery of celestial arc-lamps.

It is difficult to single out the "Picture of the Year" in the painterly sense, but the claims of J. R. MERTON's astonishing *tour de force* "Mrs. Daphne Wall" cannot be ignored. The triple portrait, painted with meticulous accuracy on a large wood panel, may not be a considerable work of art—if indeed it can be called a work of *Art* at all—but as an example of photographic exactitude it is a "staggerer," as Sickert would have exclaimed. No less popular, and more justly so, will be Mr. CHURCHILL's Big Three. "The Goldfish Pool, Chartwell," is a work of genuine accomplishment, painted with a surer sense of values than he has yet displayed at the Academy, and happily thrown off (one conceives) in as many days as Millais spent months on the same exacting task. "Blenheim Tapestries" is an exuberant piece, more ambitious than the other interior and worthy of its place in the main gallery, the whole achievement reflecting the greatest credit on our immortal, who can now add the Freedom of Burlington House to his honours.

J. LEIGH-PEMBERTON's contemporary version of Susanah and the Elders (a joke anticipated twenty years ago, incidentally, by Connard) and R. EURICH's "problem" picture (112) are among the few paintings whose appeal is only partly æsthetic, and it is perhaps more rewarding to turn to such distinguished academic works as A. K. LAWRENCE's lovely homage to his namesake (83), JAMES GUNN's revealing portrait of J. G. Winant (333), Sir RUSSELL FLINT's delicate stage-piece (454) and EDWIN GREENMAN's "Paul and Diana" (139) painted with Pre-Raphaelite precision. RODRIGO MOYNIHAN's "R. H. Nichols"—a more penetrating study than his impassive mask of the Prime Minister—some low-toned canvases by ROBERT BUHLER and several works by E. LE BAS are worthy examples of what one may call the Euston Road style, while CHARLES GINNER's jewel-like paintings recall the earlier Camden Town; and elsewhere contributions by LORD METHUEN, CLIFFORD HALL, LEWIS LUPTON, COSMO CLARK (notably a view from Hammersmith Mall), and a characteristically graceful study by Mr. Punch's artist D. L. MAYS, stand out in a large assembly of works of even quality.

Like Kingsley's sweet maid, the water-colours are mostly determined to be good and let who will be clever. Very good—because he always knows exactly what he wants to achieve, and achieves it with the superb confidence of the Norwich masters—are the three water-colours by LEONARD SQUIRRELL, whose "Brooding Tower, Richmond," hangs beside an exquisite design by A. E. DAVIES. "Boats at Low Tide," drawn in sepia with limpid washes of colour by F. COULSON-DAVIS, a distinguished newcomer to the South Room, and LESLIE MOORE's atmospheric "Gorleston Harbour" are other works which justify the experiment of enlarging the water-colour selection at some cost to the miniatures.

The Black-and-White room invariably contains so many works of consummate craftsmanship, mysteriously passed over by my colleagues, that I may feel tempted one year to review the drawings and engravings first. The two veteran masters of topographical drawing, Sir MUIRHEAD BONE and HANSLIP FLETCHER, are admirably represented, as also are such skilled engravers as C. W. TAYLOR and JOHN FARLEIGH.

Of the sculptures MAURICE LAMBERT's soaring Pegasus and Bellerophon is unquestionably the most striking work, as, to my mind, a sturdy Suffolk Punch in bronze is the most covetable.

N. A. D. W.

At the Pictures

Good Time Girl—The First Gentleman—The Emperor Waltz

FOR days, I suppose, you have been reading about nothing but *Hamlet*; but I propose to write about that a fortnight hence, however tired of the subject you may be. For this article

to have produced such a picture makes them, the people behind it, seem rather rakish, dramatic, impressive and tough. One is used to recognizing this attitude in a young novelist, but plenty of

people don't seem to sense it at the back of a fatally large number of minor British films. . . .

Enough of this digression. *Good Time Girl* tells the cautionary tale of a girl "juvenile delinquent," as it is told by an understanding woman magistrate to another young offender on the downward path—and the weakest point is the ending, which has the young offender meekly reacting precisely as she was supposed to react (there was a similar false note in *The White Unicorn*). JEAN KENT is excellent as the girl who starts by borrowing a brooch and winds up with a fifteen-year sentence for complicity in a murder. Why

two of the critics should have chosen this of all occasions for the frivolous complaint that they find it hard to tell her apart from other stars, I can't imagine; here she seems to me to have the best part of her career and to do extremely well with it. There are several other first-rate performances, and the all-round skill of the production makes it genuinely absorbing.

The assiduous filmgoer may get an idea that Regency pictures are following him about. This is unreasonable, and *The First Gentleman* (Director: CAVALCANTI) is certainly one of the better examples of its kind; but it doesn't manage to avoid making that rather dispiriting continuous silvery-grey impression that I take to be almost a hall-mark of British films about this period. This is a version of the play by NORMAN GINSBURY, and though much more than a mere photograph

of a play it is not, I think, passionately interesting. Ostensibly about "the First Gentleman," it begins when the Prince Regent complacently assumes his title, follows his activities in Brighton and elsewhere and ends knowingly as he jeers at the idea of christening his niece "Victoria"; but such dramatic interest as it has all comes (apart from CECIL PARKER's enjoyable performance) from the love-story of his daughter (JOAN HOPKINS) and his efforts to interrupt it. There are small points to like about the film, but as a whole it seems rather a dull one to have come from such a director.

A big bit of Technicolor nonsense, *The Emperor Waltz* (Director: BILLY WILDER), shows us BING CROSBY as an irrepressible American salesman in love with a high-born lady at the court of the Emperor Franz Josef (he addresses her as "honey-Countess") and making the most of the musical opportunities—yodelling in the mountains, singing Viennese waltzes and so on. Complete nonsense it all is, but it has funny moments; notably the scene in which SIG RUMANN as a vet. psycho-analyses a poodle. It is very easy, writing about a picture with animals in it, to make some crack about the animals' being the best actors; but certainly the dogs here seem in retrospect more memorable than anything else. R. M.



J.H. DOWD

[*Good Time Girl*]

A "SHE-DONE-IT"

Chairman	FLORA ROBSON
Jimmy Rosso	PETER GLENVILLE
Gwen Rawlings	JEAN KENT

I go back a bit, and start with *Good Time Girl* (Director: DAVID MACDONALD). No doubt this will come in for much of the overflow of the disapproval that was poured out on *No Orchids*; for an immense number of people assume that subject is nearly everything, and show a depressing inability to recognize the difference between a well-done, intelligently-made film and another which, though apparently "about" some of the same things, treats them with irritating and even puerile crudity. The point about *Good Time Girl* is that though it deals incidentally with crime and violence it does so in such a way as to give satisfaction to anyone with enough sense and detachment to appreciate film-making skill as distinct from the mere what-happened-then of a story. Moreover, it does not, as so many British films have done, give the impression that it is a piece of exhibitionism—an impression that suggests the presence somewhere in the background of a number of people assuming that



J.H.D.

[*The First Gentleman*]

ANNOUNCER

Manservant	CLAUDE ALLISTER
Princess Charlotte	JOAN HOPKINS

More Like a Viennese Doctor than a Dane

I AM sorry to hear that the psychoanalysts have been after Hamlet again. They can't leave him alone. It has all the symptoms of a dangerous obsession. The cause lies with their parents and teachers, but the cure is up to themselves. It is certainly not up to me. All the same I will give them a little hint: Have they, perhaps, some death-wish that makes them identify themselves with Hamlet? That, as the hymn says, is One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

This time* Hamlet's analyst is none other than the President of the International Psychological Association, than whom . . . well, than whom, that's all. The President suggests (or, rather, he says flatly) that his patient Hamlet, sent to him by Shakespeare for treatment, was really in love with his mother and was jealous of his uncle Claudius on that account, but he hesitated to kill his uncle because he identified himself with his uncle and thus the killing of his other self would amount to suicide. Which, of course, accounts for a great deal.

But it does not, unfortunately, account for everything. To begin with, Hamlet's only argument against suicide was that it was against the canon of the Everlasting. There was no law against suicide in the form of bumping off an uncle, and if Hamlet could have killed himself in this legal manner he would have been delighted to do so. He did not set his life at a pin's fee.

No, I think what really upset Hamlet and got him thoroughly confused was this: In identifying himself with Claudius he found to his astonishment that he was in love with Ophelia. Claudius was madly in love with the girl and was jealous of Hamlet on that account. He tried to have Hamlet killed in various ways, even though it meant a certain amount of suicide, so far as he identified himself with Hamlet. In identifying himself with Claudius, Hamlet himself wished to kill Hamlet, and naturally his confusion became even worse. As for Ophelia, who had some inkling of all these metamorphoses, her poor brain simply could not handle the traffic at all, and she began to ask herself: "How should I your true love know?" She was no analyst, nor ever claimed to be.

It will be observed that Polonius placed himself behind the arras not only as a symbol of being cut off

from the facts, but for various other reasons:

1. He himself was in love with the Queen and wished to spy upon Hamlet, his rival.

2. The King wanted him to be discovered and killed, to get Ophelia's father out of the way.

3. The Queen wanted a witness, for she was no longer able to sift the evidence and was becoming dizzy. Nor did she care much if he got killed, for his attentions were becoming tedious. Also, in identifying herself with Ophelia, she hated her father in the normal way.

In so far as Hamlet identified himself with Polonius, he committed suicide in killing the old man, and while he did not feel *guilty* about this he had to admit he felt rather *dead*. From here on there seemed to be something just a little missing in Hamlet. But nothing much, you understand, for he identified himself with Polonius only as a rival to Claudius, his other self, and not as a serious rival to Hamlet, his first self.

Then, too, there were other reasons for Hamlet's natural confusion. He identified himself with Yorick, because of his death-wish, and also with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Fortinbras says Hamlet did not command their death, nor did he in the sense that they were R. and G., but when he identified himself with them he wished them dead and good riddance.

In dying, Hamlet identifies himself with Fortinbras and Fortinbras with him, but Fortinbras is told nothing of

this and is able to start fresh, which is a great mercy.

To what extent does Hamlet identify himself with Laertes? We are not given much hint. But he hates him, and one can only hate oneself. And who does Laertes think he is? And what is that man Horatio doing on the outskirts of everything? A good deal remains to be done, you will agree. I would undertake some of the work myself were I not too busy with the psychology of Shakespeare himself in the composition of these clinical reports. (I am aware that Shakespeare did not actually compose the play consciously, but you know what I mean and I refuse to quibble.) I have run across a little crux that hints at the growing cynicism of that man Shakespeare. In the First and Second Quartos (1601 and 1603) Hamlet says: "Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." But in the First Folio (1623) Hamlet says: "One man picked out of two thousand." The Folio was printed some years after Shakespeare's death and this passage was based upon the *earlier* acting version, by my conjecture, while the Quartos were based upon the *later* acting version. Otherwise, Shakespeare would seem to be getting *less* cynical, not more so, and this does not accord with his growing identification of himself with Hamlet. One thing proves the other and the other proves the one, and if you know of anything neater and more symmetrical than that, please let me know.



* Hamlet: With a Psycho-Analytic Study by Ernest Jones, M.D. (Vision Press, 8/6).

An Innocent in Canada

I—Slob-Ice and Shuffleboard

(Mr. Punch's wide-eyed Correspondent is spending the next few weeks in Canada.)

IN spite of a pretty severe buffeting from the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence—severe by my standards anyway—I am now of the opinion that 20,000 tons represents the optimum displacement for ocean liners. Once they get above this figure they tend to put on airs, swimming-pools, luxury cinemas and mighty organs.



The glorious uncertainty of shuffleboard

Dressing for dinner then becomes obligatory and an "old-look" profile or hem-line means social ostracism with only the most distant prospect of the captain's table. In luxury liners of the 80,000 tons class you are at sea only by inference: it comes into your bath when you press button "B."

With the *Empress of Canada*, one of the old "Drunken Duchesses" of pre-war days, the compromise between a floating Grand Babylon Hotel and a *Marie Céleste* or a *Cutty Sark* is gauged to a nicety. The ocean is right there all the time, usually in vision and always within earshot, giving a faithful reproduction of some of the B.B.C.'s more successful sound effects. And not only sea—ice! Yes, we ran into quite a lot of the stuff—"slob-ice," I

think it is called—south of snow-covered Newfoundland, and we found a fair coating of it on the deck one morning. The slob-ice was so friable and tractable that it caused no trouble whatever, but the deck-ice certainly increased that glorious uncertainty for which the game of shuffleboard has long been noted.

I don't want to give the impression that the *Empress of Canada* is not a luxury liner. She has her cinema, her elevator and her cocktail bars just like the more exalted "Queens," but her cinema is not a *super-cinema* and has somehow managed to retain the authentic smack of the sea. Instead of the customary fixed fauteuils the seating accommodation consists of stacking chairs. The projector looks salt-caked. The film snaps at inopportune moments just as it might in any village hall.

We missed any icebergs there may have been submerging around very easily—

"... large icebergs are floating into the shipping channels near the Gulf . . . Iceberg patrols are tracking down the growlers . . . Conditions off the east coast are said to be the worst for fifty years." (*Montreal Daily Star*)

—for the *Empress* is equipped with radar eyes. But it came as something of a shock to learn from a newsreel film that the St. Lawrence would not be open to traffic "before the end of April or beginning of May," or about one week after we were due at Montreal. There was some laughter and many nervous giggles, and then a score of us slipped out unobtrusively to pass the information to the captain before it was too late. He just joked the whole thing off.

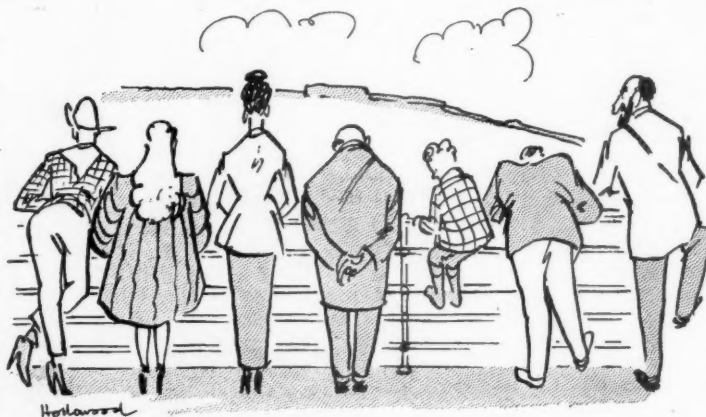
Another thing that upset me slightly was the map of Canada decorating the label of a well-known ginger-ale. It showed neither gulf nor river. Is it good business, friends, to worry the traveller with these cartographical inaccuracies? There's such a thing as goodwill, you know.

* * * * *

I was grateful for the *Empress's* moderate tonnage and accommodation for another reason: it disguised, if thinly, the truth about emigration from Britain. As a matter of pure economics Canada's long-term need of settlers may be quite as pressing as Britain's immediate need of more hands at the production pump, but it is difficult for an innocent Englishman to regard this balance with equanimity.

There were some seven hundred passengers aboard, three hundred of them hoping to settle in Canada. A proportionate exodus via the *Queen Elizabeth* would seem too much of what is undoubtedly a very good thing.

Not all of the three hundred (including ninety-odd children) were from Britain. There were refugees from Central Europe, and at least two—unless my ethnology deceived me—from behind the innermost lining of the iron



The Citadel, Quebec

curtain. On the trip from Quebec to Montreal I developed Wimbledon neck trying to win clear first impressions of Canada and simultaneously to read the faces of the new settlers. It was a day of climatic extremes. At Quebec in the early morning the temperature was well below freezing:

L'HIVER REVIENT À QUEBEC
AVEC UNE TEMPÊTE DE NEIGE

—said *Le Canada*. But by noon a bright sun had thawed out the shuffleboard pitch and coats were discarded. The man from Czechoslovakia was clearly delighted with what he saw of the promised land—the clean, brightly-painted wooden houses and farm buildings, the neat vegetable patches, the blue Laurentian hills, the waving, whistling schoolboys on the banks. He grinned all the way. The man from Austria seemed less enthusiastic, and his wife held on tightly to the leaflet advertising cheap return passage to Naples. But then these two had seen so much in their young lives—service in Spain with the International Brigade, street fighting in Vienna, concentration camps. As a change from “resistance” and teaching, the husband wanted, he said, to grow luscious apples in British Columbia. His real reason for emigrating, I felt sure, was that he wanted to send back food parcels to his old comrades in distress.

The same immigrant (emigrants become immigrants about 1,450 miles out of Liverpool or 1,449 miles short of Montreal) put forward a most ingenious idea to combat seasickness. It appears that the rolling, pitching, tossing and general floundering of a vessel can only be offset or neutralized by agile counter-movements of the human body.



“Anything to declare?”

As the ship rolls to port, the passenger rolls to starboard: as the ship dips aft the passenger leaps to avoid that sinking feeling. And so on.

“I didn’t know that Austria had a navy,” I said.

“Beneath Franz Josef we are having a big navy of many sheeps.”

“But suppose the ship stops rolling and pitching: how do you know, bobbing about like that, when to stop too?”

“Bobbing? Please? Ach, you know when to stop when it make you sick,” he said, without a hint of a smile.

He played chess with equal cunning and thought very little of M. Botwinnik.

An even more remarkable nostrum was that of the elderly English spinster. At the first threat of rough weather she climbed into the lift and rode up and down with the liftman. She explained that this third-dimensional treatment was completely efficacious. I got off to sleep counting white horses and trying to work out her actual track in space between “C” Deck and the Sports Deck.

* * * * *

It is now time to make a confession and admit that this innocent did not know when the *Empress* left Liverpool that her master, Captain E. A. Shergold, had broken yet another record by slinking out of dock and harbour without the assistance of the usual gang of tugs. But then I didn’t hear the B.B.C.’s nine o’clock news, and it was only when we reached Quebec and Canadian newspapers that the momentous news leaked out to the one passenger whose job it is to make the most of such steps in the march of events. Anyway, the tugmen’s strike passed without the *Empress* losing one flake of her white paint.

At Montreal another record was announced. This time the ship had knocked one hour and thirty minutes off the time for the Quebec—Montreal run. I nearly missed that too: mine happened to be the last newspaper on the stand.

* * * * *

It took only five minutes to steer through the customs at Montreal. The officials here do not ask whether you have anything to declare or à déclarer—merely whether you are from Britain or not. Then, very carefully, they chalk your baggage, trying not to make it sound too hollow.

I found un conducteur de taxi who could not misunderstand too badly an imperfect recollection of Heath’s *Modern French Grammar* and *Half Hours With Modern French Authors*, and sat down to a second supper. The unfamiliar faces and tongues, new-look costumes and screaming taxis made me feel very much at large, but the tiny pat of butter made Britain seem very near after all.

HOD.

o o

The Laundry Hath My Vest.

THE laundry hath my vest and I have its,
O base exchange, one for the other given!
For mine is wool and furthermore it fits:

There never was a poorer bargain driven.
The laundry hath my vest and I have its!

Its vest on me hangs vast below the knee:

My vest on it is elegant and clings.

It keeps my vest: it loves it tenderly

But its to me no warmth or comfort brings.

The laundry hath my vest—I’ve sent back its.

o o

“With the stolen car travelling at fifty miles an hour, the police again gave chase. Warning shots were fired and, after travelling several miles at high speed, a bullet pierced the car’s rear tyre.”

“*Melbourne Sun News-Pictorial*.”

Nice shooting, officer.



"... Moderate rent, immediate possession and just one condition—you have to undertake to let the psychic research people know if anything unusual happens."

The World that Broke in Two

I AM waiting for the world to break
in two,
Or three, or four,
Or even more,
It's a thing it might well do
And I wonder it hasn't done it
before.

It is a most impermanent, thin,
Ephemeral crust
In which we trust;
Sitting and watching it spin
I think it is shortly due to bust.

When half of the world flies off to the
east,
And away to the west
Rockets the rest,
We shall be rid at least
Of half the troubles by which we're
blest.

We shall go and stand at the edge and
stare
Across dim space;
Earth's other face
We shall see revolving there,
The other half of the human
race.

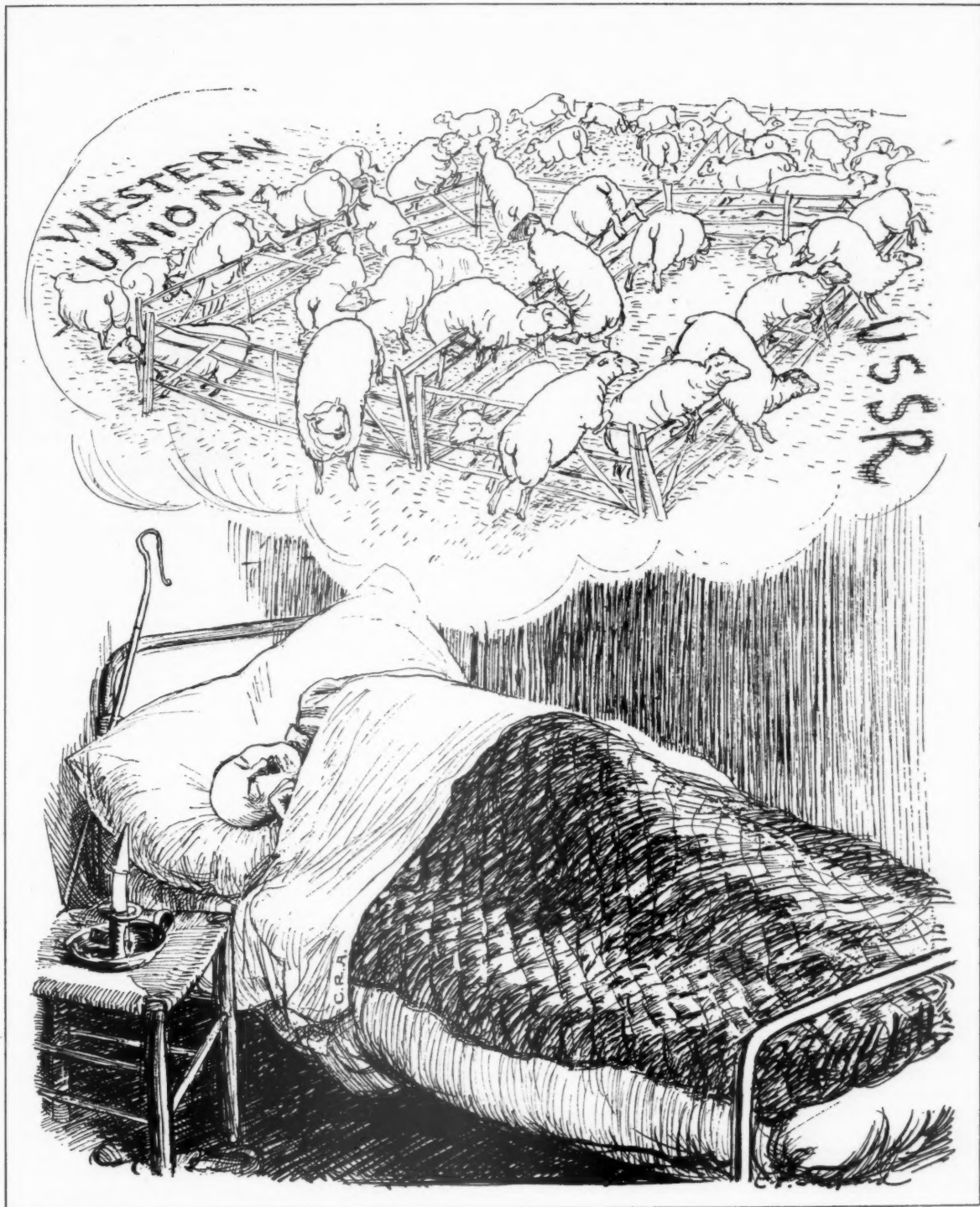
Here's one end of Piccadilly,
A dusty smother,
But where's the other?
And where's poor cousin Willie,
And John, and the barman and his
brother?

They're sailing away like a gannet
Through foreign skies,
Turning their eyes
Towards the demi-planet,
And straining their ears to hear our
cries.

But it's no use calling, for every
minute
They're farther away;
Why, yesterday
You could see a garden, and in it
The flowers growing, the children at
play;

But now it's lost in a tiny city, and
soon
At a glance;
You'll see all France;
It will shrink to the size of the moon
In a week or so; two moons will dance

Across the sky in a stately measure,
Turn by turn;
We shall discern
The place of our ancient treasure
Fading across the deserts where planets
burn.



COUNTING THE SHEEP

MONDAY, MAY 3rd.

It was not until midnight that things really warmed up in the House of Commons to-day. Which was strange, for the subject under discussion in the earlier part of the day was highly inflammable in more senses than one: the new coloured petrol.

The Government proposes to make all "commercial" petrol (that is to say, petrol for use in commercial vehicles) red. This is to defeat the black market, in the belief that nobody will be green enough to risk being caught red-handed with commercial petrol in a private tank. So the whole thing was colourful and worthy of a second May Day. It was all the more surprising therefore that—apart from a flame-coloured effort by Mr. ROB HUDSON (who always contrives to enlighten and enliven the most drab of debates), the discussion was singularly monochrome.

True, the penalties provided in the Bill were the subject of somewhat lurid adjectival descriptions, but the flash was obviously produced by low-octane stuff, and caused no noticeable explosions, no excitement.

Mr. HUDSON, who seemed to have a secret supply of pre-war Opposition spirit, called the possible sentences "savage" and "ferocious." They include disqualification from driving, imprisonment up to two years, a fine of £1,000, a further fine of half the value of the car. The recent decision of the Commons to suspend the death sentence has, no doubt, rather balked the draftsmen in adding to the list.

Anyway, Mr. HUDSON thought the whole thing rather like the use of a guillotine as a cure for headache—except that he did not think it would be so successful.

Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, the Fuel Minister, announced that about 100,000 tons of petrol were lost to the black market every year. The Bill authorizing the new scheme was given a Second Reading.

All this took a good deal of time, and it was nearing the midnight hour when (the care of teeth having been considered in the meantime) brief attention was given to the problem of providing more newsprint to enable the newspapers to enlarge themselves a little. But no "responsible Minister" was present. It is an age-old tradition that when a Member, after due notice, raises a point on the adjournment motion, a "responsible Minister" always attends to give a courteous (if not always very informative or helpful) reply.

Impressions of Parliament

Monday, May 3rd.—House of Commons: Red (Motor) Spirit.

Tuesday, May 4th.—House of Commons: A World Tour.

Wednesday, May 5th.—House of Commons: A Glance at Russia.

Thursday, May 6th.—House of Commons: Repentance Day.

There were loud protests when it was seen that the Minister—presumably Mr. HAROLD WILSON, President of the Board of Trade, or his Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. JOHN BELCHER—was absent. The short and inconclusive discussion went on amid a running fire of protesting points of order.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, who, as Leader of the House, is always so careful of the Parliamentary proprieties, doubtless had something to say behind the scenes about what seemed, on the face of it, an inexcusable piece of discourtesy and flouting of Parliamentary tradition.

**Impressions of Parliamentarians**

44. Major Boyd-Carpenter
(Kingston-upon-Thames)

The position was not made easier by the fact that Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, had walked out (apparently in what is known as high dudgeon) earlier in the evening, leaving his assistant to take charge of the debate on teeth.

TUESDAY, May 4th.—Mr. HERBERT MORRISON announced (to the surprise of none) that the talks between Party leaders on the subject of reforming the House of Lords had failed. They had covered a possible reconstruction of the membership, as well as a review of the powers of the Upper House. But all had come to naught.

Mr. WILL GLENVIL HALL, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, gave a couple of definitions which may be

useful to students of official-ese: "Temporary" (as applied to Civil Servants) means unestablished but otherwise permanent; "frequently" means "often."

Mr. RICHARD STOKES, Mr. MORRISON and Mr. SYDNEY SILVERMAN engaged in a sort of all-Labour knockabout turn, on the question whether the day's debate should be extended. Mr. M. said no, the others said yes. They decorated those simple words with others like "offensive," which added spice to the exchanges—and gave amusement to the Opposition.

Then Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, took the floor with one of those painstakingly complete reviews of the world which have been a feature of his regime at the Foreign Office. He had a good deal to say about the "permanent organ" of the Western Union—and led a wit to inquire whether this, cinema-like, was to lead the Concert of Europe—if and when that began.

Mr. BEVIN had one or two of his forthright phrases, which pleased the House mightily. For instance, that we were in Berlin as of right and that we intended to stay there. Also that we intended to stand by our decision to get out of Palestine by August—in spite of the fact that we had just been sending more troops in.

And, he added, until we got out we should maintain order—might even, with others, try our hand at international peace-keeping in the Holy Land once we had formally withdrawn.

Mr. "RAB" BUTLER, from the Opposition Front Bench, conducted a rival tour of the world, but reached conclusions surprisingly similar to those of Mr. BEVIN. He warned the House, however, that if Britain got out of the Middle East and the Mediterranean it would be the beginning of the end of this country as a world power. Mr. BEVIN's whole speech he found lacking in a sense of urgency.

Then the debate became largely a discussion of the Soviet Government's aims and methods, with several of the Labour Members out-toughing their Tory opposite numbers in their descriptions of both.

WEDNESDAY, May 5th.—The debate was resumed by Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, who thought it horrible that, three years after victory in a world war, there should be talk of another war. But, he said stoutly, to general cheers, he refused to accept the belief that the new war was inevitable. He



"Yes, as a matter of fact I DID marry the king's daughter, but the Ministry of Labour won't let me go."

gained more cheers for his statement that we in Britain must take the Commonwealth countries with us in all we did. And still more—although mostly from his own side of the House—for a warning to Moscow not to take too many risks in pursuit of a policy of "take-all."

The Prime Minister added his own little private cheer by the comment that Mr. EDEN's speech had been "extremely helpful." It was in his view, too, utterly wrong to say that war was inevitable; it could, in fact, only result from someone "chancing his arm" too far. And the Government would call an Empire conference as soon as practicable.

Mr. KONNI ZILLIACUS, from the Government benches, then offered a few remarks which were listened to in astonished silence. He embellished his speech with choice comments to the effect that the "benches opposite" were peopled with ex-appeasers turned into frustrated interventionists, spitting venom on "our ally," the Soviet Union, "from tongues still sticky from licking the boots of our enemy Hitler."

Mr. CHRIS MAYHEW, the brilliant

young lieutenant to Mr. BEVIN at the Foreign Office, winding up the debate, neatly and decisively floored Mr. ZILLIACUS. He said that there was not a Communist in the world who would not have been proud of Mr. Z.'s speech, for it was familiar to all who had heard Communist propaganda in any country—and just a waste of the time of the House.

There were approving cheers from all parts of the House when Mr. MAYHEW, speaking with great seriousness, expressed the hope that the Greek Government would not go on with its plans to execute hundreds of Communists convicted, some of them three years ago, of crimes against the civil code. "These wholesale executions," said he, "have come as a great shock to all decent nations." The British Ambassador had been instructed to make representations to the Greek Government against the executions.

But, he added, with a sharp glance towards Mr. ZILLIACUS, no Communists had any moral right to complain about oppression and injustice, which were their own weapons.

These "fraternal greetings" between

front and back benches were listened to with amusement by the Opposition benches, for there had been reports in the evening papers of a Labour Party meeting this morning at which much the same jolly Party atmosphere seemed to have prevailed. And everybody knew that

THURSDAY, May 6th, was "The Day" for twenty-one Labour back-benchers who had been ordered to obey Party decisions or be expelled. Their letters of regret and repentance had to be in the hands of the Party Secretary by first post to-day, and Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Leader of the House, looked round appraisingly as he entered the Commons.

Wearing the expressions (a mixture of contrition, defiance and pained consciousness of the injustice of the great big world) usually associated in the less mature with an interview with "the Head," the ex(?)-rebels sat looking straight before them. Mr. MORRISON smiled the smile of the triumphant Head Pre. as he metaphorically put away the Party Ash-Plant—for the time being.

Learning

LEARNING may be defined as either being scholarly or being taught, but to-day I just want to take a few aspects of being taught and shall begin with the learning of French, an experience many of my readers have shared. It starts with a vertical row of words denoting a verb in action and has a final fling at Molière (I am taking an average in final flings), and in between are several years now mistily represented by such highlights as *jou, genou, bijou, the corbeau* who held in his beak a *fromage* and by an idea that we soon got the better of *dessous* and *dessus*.

Anyone seeing this last paragraph without reading it would be struck by its cultural appearance, and this brings me to a notable point about French—the belief that it looks classy when scattered among upright print. It should help, in deciding whether this is a fallacy, to take a paragraph of French similarly peppered with English, but, as my readers know, the impression is simply of someone who writes French well but cannot translate every word into it. I shall not say much about the learning of spoken French—nothing more than that “j” is pronounced “zh,” or rather that if we pronounce “zh” the way it is trying to tell us we get the sound we want; but I must make a sympathetic mention of those who go through school speaking, it seems to them, as good French as the others, only to find themselves nowhere in the world of French-speakers. You don’t get the same trouble with Latin, which, if learnt in the new pronunciation, equips its learners to embark on familiar words in the old.

MANY of my readers, as I have said, have spent some time learning French. A lot of them have not spent any time at all learning shorthand, and I shall begin my remarks with a note on its purpose and history. The purpose of learning shorthand is to take down what other people say, or what we ourselves think; the last a literary development run as a sideline. Historians tell us that shorthand was invented because humanity found that ordinary writing—even with every “ing” contracted to a frantic dotted hump and the small words thrown out altogether—was just not fitted for anything faster or more wordy than a shopping list. They are hazy about when it got under way, individualists like Pepys being little help, but say that it is closely linked with the onrush of the business world.

Learning shorthand consists of getting a small book consisting of words and twiddly bits and alternately mugging it up and writing it out at a slowly increasing rate until the learner notches the qualifying speed or even something higher. I have made shorthand-learning sound

easy, but my shorthand-writing readers will agree that they can look back on an amazing bit of perseverance. Shorthand-writers go through their shorthand lives getting steadily cleverer and less able to read each other’s notes, and psychologists say that when you get one shorthand-writer not realizing that another learnt a different system, then you have two real experts. Shorthand notebooks are interesting in being sideways, with the top of the line against the cover, and in being scrabbled at for space during their later stages. The chief feature of shorthand-writers is of course their efficiency in being able to write the stuff at all, but they do not always feel as efficient as they look, and one of the best-known moments of their careers is the pathetic hope, when they have done what they can with a tricky word, that they will go on remembering what they meant. Reading back (a technical term for reading shorthand back) is more difficult in practice than in theory, and not even the expert will deny that the most welcome bits are the ones written in ordinary writing.

Talking of ordinary writing reminds me that at some time in life my readers learnt to write; and all I want to say about this is that erstwhile pothook-makers sometimes wonder if pothooks were the same as pothangers, and go on to think rather picturesquely of a coal-scuttle hanging over an old-world fireplace. I should like also to point out that few people remember the day when the lines were first taken away and their writing wavered off into the future waiting on the far side of the page, but it has certainly left its mark on those well-wishers who put those nice black-lined guides into writing-pads.

FINALLY I want to turn my shy readers’ wondering attention to the people who learn to act. Acting is a career which those who are downright scared would not dream of embarking on, but as those who do embark on it are the ones who are not scared it works out quite all right, with acting schools bursting with people as willing to let rip as a charade star—and this is high praise, for to be the hit of a charade evening is to rejoin the company with an aura and to be offered a sandwich as if it were as much a tribute as two bits of bread with something between. Of the actual learning that goes on in acting schools ordinary people know little, except that it culminates in plays which may be summed up as professional but done by amateurs; but there is a general idea of gamuts of emotion being gone through. I propose to leave my readers thinking about a gamut; not so much for the way the face has to work to keep up with it as for being a striking example of a word which has found its own place in the world. ANDE.

Misleading Cases

Rex v. Bopple. (Before Mr. Justice Bush)

THIS extraordinary case came to a sensational end to-day. Throughout the trial the behaviour of the prisoner has astonished all beholders. Slight, white-haired, mild, respectable, and even refined of feature, he does not suggest to the student on psychology the type of man who could violently attack, with a hammer, a Minister of the Crown in the

public street, or would glory in such a deed if he were driven to it by some unusual circumstance. Yet at no time, as the net of evidence closed round him, has he shown any sense of guilt, of discomfort, or even apprehension. Indeed, it was noticed by many that as the trial drew near its end he became more cheerful, nodding and smiling to acquaintances in the body of the Court.

To-day, at the conclusion of counsels’ addresses, the judge summed-up to the jury. He said: “Members of the Jury—Andrew Bopple, the little old gentleman in that dock, stands before you charged with felonious homicide, or murder: and it is for you to say whether he be guilty or no. I do not envy you the task. Your eyes behold the face and form of the prisoner; your

ears have heard the evidence concerning him: and your minds may find it difficult to reconcile the two. He does not look like a murderer. One would have said that he lacked both the strength and the spirit of the assassin. Yet the evidence which you have heard is clear and copious; and in the ordinary course I should not have thought it necessary to address you for long. You will, you must, most patiently examine and measure the smallest wisp of doubt that seems to blow his way. But you may well find it impossible to resist the conclusion that the prisoner did in fact, on April 16th—mark the date—at about 11.0 p.m., in Parliament Street, attack with a hammer the Right Honourable Mervyn Jarro, so that he died.

The defence have remarked that there appears to be no motive for this murder by this man (they did not, by the way, assist the Court and jury to discover one by putting him in the box). The prisoner has been a Civil Servant all his life: but it is uncertain whether he has ever worked in the same office as the late Minister for Drains, and for all we know they had never met before the fatal night. It is not essential, as the deceived husband said, to prove a motive where the facts are plain; but it often helps: and though, of course, you will pay no attention to anything I say, I must tell you that I have formed a theory about motive in this case which I think is rather good.

A few months ago the prisoner, being sixty-five years of age, as you have heard, retired, or rather was retired, reluctantly, from the Civil Service. He has a small pension, but has saved nothing, being the father of seven; and he can no longer live as comfortably as he did. His wife is dead, and, being unwilling to thrust himself into the homes of any of his married children, he lives in a single small room in a dismal neighbourhood. He has a tendency to rheumatism, and probably finds travel about the Metropolis difficult, as in these days the elderly do, even if they are not rheumaticky. Travel abroad to sunny climes is almost impossible. As the taxes and the prices rise, his pension dwindles: and not even the statesmen are predicting an early 'turn' of that particular 'tide'. It would not be surprising, then, if like so many elderly people to-day he felt little enjoyment in the autumn of his life and less hope for the winter.

'Still,' you may say, as men of the world, 'this is a common tale: and there is nothing in it which should lead such a man to take his own life, much

less another's. "Life is sweet—however disgusting", as the poet Haddock remarked long ago; and it is still the law of the land that for murder a man must suffer the extreme penalty, to be destroyed by hanging.' That is so; but at the present time that law is in suspense. As I enjoined you before, observe the date. The alleged murder was committed on April 16th. On April 14th the House of Commons, by a small majority, had added a new clause to the Criminal Justice Bill, the effect of which, if it becomes law, will be to suspend for five years the imposition of the death penalty for murder. It is not law yet: it may never become law. For the House of Lords, it appears, is likely to reject the clause when it is considered in Committee, and the House of Commons, in that case, may still agree with them, a month or two from now. But meanwhile it has become law, most strangely, in effect: for it was announced, after the decision in the Commons, that reprieve and imprisonment 'for life' would become the rule at once. The logical reasoning is not easy to follow, for the Commons House is only one of the two Houses of Parliament, and only three-eighths of its Members declared themselves in favour of the change. Logically, if the Lords reject the Clause in Committee, the citizens concerned would all at once be placed on the hanging list again: but that is not likely to happen in this humane land.

All this is highly relevant to the task which has been laid upon you. If you find the prisoner guilty, it will be my duty formally to pass sentence of death upon him according to law. But it is as certain as anything can be that that sentence will not be carried out, that he will go to gaol for the rest of his life, but not to the gallows. Never before in the history of this island has

a man been able to take the life of another with that certitude in his mind; and in two months, perhaps, it may be impossible again. You may think it a lucky chance for the prisoner that after a lifetime of peaceable behaviour he was impelled to commit his murder (if he did) when he did.

Or you may think that it was something more than chance. The prisoner, it may be, has not many years to live. It is likely that, in many ways, he would live those years more comfortably in prison than he would outside. He would be housed, fed, clothed and doctored by the State, with none of the troubles of rent, repairs, rates and taxes, ration-books and coupons and insurance-payments which beset the free man. I have ascertained that he does not smoke or drink, and will not suffer the same deprivations as other men. An old Civil Servant, he will still enjoy the congenial atmosphere of the State. An educated man, he is sure to be placed in charge of the Library, very soon: and, when he is not there, he will probably be comfortably in bed in the hospital. Many a lonely old man might envy him.

Now, however enlightened may be our theories of punishment, it is clearly undesirable that lonely old men should be encouraged to go about murdering people in order to escape the troubles of ordinary life and to enjoy the security and quiet of prison till they die. Our prisons are about to be reformed: and the better they are the better should it be understood that people cannot get into them without good cause. There should be sincerity in crime, as in everything. A spurious murder is abhorrent to British juridical notions. It is a kind of contempt of Court. But perhaps I have said enough. You had better retire."

The jury, after a few minutes' deliberation, found the prisoner "Not Guilty". The prisoner scowled angrily.

The Judge. Andrew Bopple, you are a free man. You will go back into the big world. And serve you right.

Bopple. That was a dirty trick, my Lord. I thought I had everything in the bag.

The Judge. Tell me, why did you pick on the Minister for Drains?

Bopple. I had nothing against him, my Lord. I never saw him. But somehow I never could stand what he said in the papers.

The Judge. You should apologize to his family.

Bopple. I will, my Lord. It had to be someone.

The Judge. And, in future, avoid litigation. You never know where you are.

A. P. H.



ROYAL CIRCLE, at Wyndham's, is a conventional little Ruritanian comedy about a modern king whose wings are clipped by a Peasant Party and whose love-life is ploughed up by power politics. The home-made bombs dropped like visiting-cards through the windows of the Summer Palace on public holidays do not explode, and Miss ROMILLY CAVAN's satirical squibs are inclined to follow suit. If it is hard to understand how so frail a craft as this contrived to be launched on the stormy waters of the West End—the Gallery on the first night expressed its disapproval with more vehemence than manners—it is even harder to imagine how so excellent a crew, led indomitably by Sir RALPH RICHARDSON and Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, ever came to sign on in her.

The *King*, played by Sir RALPH, is a pleasant bachelor who would have been happy if the reforming democrats had left him alone to fish and write poetry; but the appearance in the soil of his country of a new sinew of war which puts uranium back with bows and arrows brings delegates hot-foot from the Powers—a morose Muscovite, a go-getting American, and an attractive English girl with a lamentable ignorance of the accepted pattern of the private life of Ruritanian kings. If her behaviour is intended to expose some of the perils of co-ed diplomacy it certainly succeeds, for after a passionate scene on the royal sofa, in which the *King* generously offers to abdicate and marry her, the discovery that he already has a mistress drives this innocent from Whitehall into a frenzy of moral indignation that, at least from the point of view of the Foreign Office, would have come better a little earlier in the proceedings. Somewhat hurt, the *King*, finding the magic substance is confined to his own private land, decides he has had enough nonsense from everyone, and gets tough; but no sooner has he given the assembled delegates the works than they wave official cables informing them that the mineral is a flop. And so the party is over, and the *King* is free once more to fish and to keep a

At the Play

Royal Circle (WYNDHAM'S)—*The Telephone* and *The Medium* (ALDWYCH)—*Variety* (PALLADIUM)

friendly eye on his Left-wing daughter, a tiresome child cut out by nature to send telegrams of encouragement to Signor Nenni.

This is, in fact, a piece which could only have been brought to life either by such an edge of political paradox as Mr. SHAW might have given it, or else by some twist of startling originality. Instead, it is no more than a pale succession of tame intrigues. The best

The very curious programme at the Aldwych has been put on by the New York Ballet Society and is after a manner operatic; my excuse for reviewing it must therefore be that since it goes out mainly for dramatic effect it must finally be judged by its acting. I wish I could share the perfervid enthusiasm with which it was greeted on the first night. Mr. GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI's score—I speak with the utmost deference to the musical experts—seemed to me rather good in an explosive fashion, but his words struck me as quite pedestrian. This was especially noticeable in the curtain-raiser, *The Telephone*, which only wit could have raised above the level of a hackneyed revue sketch. It shows the attempted proposal of a distraught young man to a girl already wedded to the telephone, and how at last he achieves his purpose from a neighbouring box. It is not presented in the form of lyrics; every word is sung, and though Miss MARIA D'ATTILI has a lovely voice the result is far from enlivening. The aim of the second piece, *The Medium*, a Grand Guignol about a bogus spiritualist hoist with her own petard, is evidently to scarify, but the jim-jams are laid on so thickly and so noisily that for me the disquieting point of burlesque was reached very soon. Miss MARIE POWERS is plainly an actress of ability, but here she was guilty of overstatement. And though matters genuinely dramatic lend themselves

to song, the humbler details of life can only sound perfectly absurd when treated with vocal grandiloquence.

The "Brazilian Bombshell" of the screen, Miss CARMEN MIRANDA, detonates accurately but not world-shakingly at the Palladium. She is a small lady of vigorous cabaret personality, who delivers rapid-fire songs to the accompaniment of aboriginal instruments, and takes us freely into her confidence about the size of her pay-roll. All this she does under an enormous hat concocted of wax fruit, and when at length she removes it her relief is not much greater than ours, for it looked so alarmingly uncomfortable. ERIC.



[Royal Circle]

FULL-DRESS AND UNDRESS

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON AND SIR RALPH RICHARDSON

scene is the *King's* initial meeting with the delegates, where good fun springs from misinterpretation, until that jest wears thin. Sir RALPH's acting and the integrity of his production give the play every possible chance, and for the silly part of the *Queen Mother* Miss BRAITHWAITE, with small opportunity, does wonders. As the bright-eyed diplomat Miss JESSICA SPENCER again shows herself a young actress of talent (I saw her last in *Pick-Up Girl*), Miss MERIEL FORBES is convincingly the true power behind the throne, and Mr. DAVID HUTCHESON is the very man to lighten the tedium of harassed monarchy. For nice dresses and a very gay set, thank Miss DORIS ZINKEISEN.

Local Interlude

"NOT on the Piccadilly," said the large man in the bowler hat.

"Not Gloucester Road isn't."

The small man in the cloth cap put down his glass, wiped his moustache, and regarded the large man with a look of shocked incredulity.

"Not on the . . . ? Look 'ere." As if explaining patiently to a child, he placed the forefinger of his right hand on the tips of the fingers of his left hand in succession, speaking as follows:

"Look 'ere. Piccadilly Circus, eh? Awright. O.K.—Green Park, eh? Awright. Eyepark Corner, eh?" His voice rose excitedly. "Nartsbridge, eh? Nartsbridge?" He hurled his cap into the sawdust. "Glosser Rowd!" he shouted, and leant back against the bar, wiping his brow.

The big man sucked a tooth and gazed into space.

"Not on the Piccadilly. Not Gloucester Road isn't."

The small man uttered a despairing wail.

"Look 'ere. Piccadilly Circus, eh? O.K.—Green—"

"'Eard you first time," said the large man. "Don't 'ave to get excited. Wot you say, you say on the Piccadilly. Awright. Matter of opinion. Wot I say, Central London."

"Central . . ." Cor, listen to 'im!" The small man turned to me. "You ever bin to Glosser Rowd?"

"Yes," I said, "but I—"

"Well," said the small man passionately, "you ever gone Central London? Wot you done, you gone Piccadilly, see?—Circus, Green Park . . ." He went over them again. The large man continued to gaze straight ahead.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I—"

"Now, look," said the small man menacingly, "if you'd 'ave gone by Central London you'd 'ave 'ad to change at Oxford Circus, see? Wouldn't do you much good to find yourself up Bayswater way, would it?" He laughed shortly. "Bit funny you'd 'ave looked, fetchin' up Bayswater way when wot you wanted was Glosser Rowd, eh?"

"Yes," I said. "But actually . . ." The small man roared with laughter, and nudged the large man.

"See 'im tryin' to get on the Piccadilly from Bayswater! Might jeswell try and get to Tottenham var 'Endon!" Overcome by this side-splitting fancy, he wiped the tears from his eyes.



"Aren't you rather overlooking the fact that it's MY railway too?"

"All depends," said the large man thoughtfully. "'E could 'ave come down var Nottin' 'Ill Gate. On the Central London," he added viciously.

The small man stopped laughing.

"Central London? Inner Circle, more like!" He rounded on me. "If you wanted to go Nottin' 'Ill Gate way, wot you want to go var Bayswater for? Wot's wrong with the Inner Circle, direct?"

"Central London," said the big man, and started on another tooth.

The small man wept. "All you 'ad

to do," he said brokenly, "was Green Park—"

"I went," I said, "by—"

"Eyepark Corner," sobbed the small man.

"—by a seventy-two bus."

The big man turned triumphantly to the small man, whose head was buried in his arms, which were on the counter.

"'E done right," he said. "'E wouldn't have made it, not on the Piccadilly. Not Gloucester Road, 'e wouldn't."



"Your trouble is you can't contrast with pre-war prices—that's YOUR trouble."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Osbert Sitwell's Autobiography

Great Morning (MACMILLAN, 15/-), the third volume of Sir OSBERT SITWELL's autobiography, brings the narrative of his life down to the outbreak of the first world-war, when he was nearly twenty-two. Although there is much else of interest, especially the contrasted pictures of the author's time at Aldershot, which he found unspeakably dreary and Philistine, and his happy period in the Grenadier Guards, it is in the pages devoted to his father, Sir George Sitwell, that the book becomes really intense, and even the minor characters vivid and memorable. There is, for example, a Miss Fingelstone who subsists in Venice as a tout for the local shops and attaches herself as a parasite to Sir George Sitwell, hastening to his castle near Florence whenever she receives intelligence that another and more efficient parasite is out of the way. The author's evocative poetic power, which too often diffuses itself in merely decorative writing, is well illustrated in his picture of Miss Fingelstone on her night journey from Venice, "wheezing and snoring through the blue night of the mountains in a third-class compartment." Outlined in the earlier volumes, Sir George Sitwell is magnificently developed in this one, a man of exceptional gifts neutralized by an almost crazy egotism, with its usual accompaniments of callousness and self-pity. As a portrait of a father, Sir OSBERT SITWELL's can sustain a favourable comparison both with Samuel Butler's and Edmund Gosse's. It is more detached than either, and is free from Butler's vindictiveness and Gosse's emotionalism.

H. K.

Apology for Yorick

MR. THOMAS YOSELOFF in *Laurence Sterne* (ALDOR, 12/6) complains of the neglect by his fellow-Americans of the jesting cleric, the father, as he claims, of the modern (subjective, analytical) novel and gallantly essays their conversion—no light task as Shandian digressions would not, we should suppose, naturally appeal to his swift-moving compatriots. Without parade of learning or claim to new sources he marshals the known facts with skill (and with discretion, having evidently an uncomfortable sense that there is a traditional Puritan peering over his shoulder); with plenty of quotations to give a taste of his author's quality. He pleads that this brilliant, wayward, eccentric, bitter, freespoken cleric ("a dirty pimping pettifogging ambidextrous fellow who neither cared what he did or said so he got a penny by it"—this of a fellow cleric), if not a zealous clergyman was at least not neglectful of his parochial duties; was if not a faithful, yet a considerate and generous husband, and certainly a devoted father; that (though he did not get past Dr. Johnson) he gained and retained the friendship of other men of high character; that if he was unduly preoccupied with sex and, what is more serious, exploited it in the interest of "sales"—well, we must judge a man by the standards of his time. As to Hall-Stevenson and the Crazy Castle fellowship, our author roundly declares (here looking his Puritan straight in the eye), "every city in the United States has convivial clubs to match the notorious Demoniacs and the meetings of Sterne's friends were on a high moral plane compared with the typical 'conventions' of, e.g., American male 'lodges' or manufacturers' associations." It is possible that in these free circles he might obtain his readiest converts, which would be a sad frustration of his honest intention.

J. P. T.

Men of Taste

An alert sense that we must either impose ourselves upon our world or let our world impose itself upon us makes Mr. DONALD PILCHER's study of *The Regency Style* (BATS-FORD, 15/-) a highly stimulating book. That heyday of free planning, the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, produced a strange medley of architectural fashions. Nabobs planted the country, country gentlemen planted the town. Both gave full rein to their own and their architects' eccentricities. Good architecture, however, is a condition of, as well as an expression of, good living; and, broadly speaking, the Regency was as meretricious as its stucco. Such charming trifles as its wrought-iron verandahs and balconies were perhaps its only original features to serve a practical use—if only the promotion of inertia. The aesthetic (and predominantly picturesque) ambitions of the age were inspired by its literature. A gentleman had to have a ruin—heated, if possible—in his grounds. An architect must be able to design a melancholy house for a melancholy site. So low had humanity fallen that the barges of the Regent's Canal were regarded as the stage properties of its villas; and Beckford—though this happy touch is not found among several interesting allusions to Fonthill—imported a special dwarf to give scale to his colossal front door.

H. P. E.

Hamlet Explained Again.

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA shares Lytton Strachey's picturesque view of the Elizabethans as savage aesthetes equally enchanted with a madrigal sung by a bewitching boy and with the spectacle of a bear torn to pieces by bleeding dogs. His Shakespeare is the fitting poet of such

an age—"he was absolutely impartial and created 'heroes' and 'criminals' for the stage with as much serenity as the Spirit creates them for the world." The Victorian critics picture Hamlet as tender and high-souled. Actually, the author argues in *On Hamlet* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 10/6), he is a completely self-centred and callous egotist. There is much to be said for this estimate of Hamlet's character. But only those who hold with the author that Shakespeare was "distant and aloof" from life will believe that Shakespeare drew Hamlet coolly from the outside. Hamlet is a Byronic figure, obsessed with his own woes, and can best be understood on the assumption that Shakespeare had a Byronic phase, relieved his feelings through Hamlet as Byron through Manfred, and thus attained the detachment in which he created Lear and Macbeth. In his determination to differ at all points from all English academic critics, the author involves himself in a complicated attempt to prove that Ophelia was Hamlet's mistress. His argument is that in passages hitherto taken seriously her intonation is intended to be sly, ironical or mischievous. If this kind of argument be admitted, who can prove that Henry V's teeth did not rattle like castanets in the speech before Agincourt?

H. K.

Shadow-Show

The French novel has travelled a long way since Balzac and got rather thin on its exertions. The film has not been a propitious influence; and LOUISE DE VILMORIN, one imagines, would have written a much more subtle fantasy than *The Tapestry Bed* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 10/6) had *Le Lit à Colonnes* not been so obviously a dual-purpose creation. Its theme of the eighteen-seventies is a Daudet period-piece which should have remained faithful to its Tarasconian possibilities. There is a derelict prison somewhere in Central France; a pompous little Governor; his practical wife—though she has her dream-world, a florist's one; his beautiful daughter; and a prisoner serving a life-sentence for an unlikely murder. The author of this unexplained crime is a young composer of genius, whose songs arouse the financial interest and submerged social ambitions of the Governor. Rémy Bonvent is given paper, portfolio, pens and ink in unfailing supplies. M. Porey-Cave acquires the MSS. of several songs—and finally of an opera—and imposes himself and his innocent family on the great world. The constant re-grouping, ever more crude and melodramatic, of a small cast indicated at the outset with enchanting delicacy and precision, exhibits the unhidden hand of Hollywood only too clearly.

H. P. E.

Through Enemy Eyes

Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART, acknowledged as a military expert in Germany no less than here, has been discussing their campaigns with surviving enemy commanders—Rundstedt, Dittmar, Thoma, Manteuffel and many others. In *The Other Side of the Hill* (CASSELL, 10/6) he is able, by adding to his own estimate of their part in the war their direct opinions of one another and of the circumstances in which they figured, to fill in an amazingly complete picture of historic events that were wholly obscure while they were happening. The result is the best book that even he has ever written, a classic of the war game, a referee's report remote from all the incidentals of passion and despair, a chess-master's description of gambit and check and counter-check and defeat. This naked analysis shows Adolf Hitler for good or bad dominant and determinant in German strategy. He it was who against the strenuous voices of his technicians insisted that the French front

could be broken in 1940, the Russian front in 1941, and who carried invasion as far as the oilfields of the Caucasus. On the other hand as megalomania developed with success it was Hitler alone who ran into disaster at Stalingrad and Avranches and the Ardennes, while his refusal to sanction even the smallest withdrawals was an almost decisive handicap against his generals in the field. In a book that is full of unexpected turns—as, for instance, how small was the force that broke into France and how badly shaken by one little British counter-attack—not the least of the surprises is the suggestion that the success of the Dunkirk evacuation and the failure to attempt an invasion of Britain may have been partly due to the Hitler hallucination that a negotiated peace with this country was then in sight.

C. C. P.

Arising from the Bard

MR. EDMUND CRISPIN'S *Love Lies Bleeding* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6) carries conviction in everything except the improbable precipitancy of its murders. The discovery by a crone of an original Shakespeare manuscript with a packet of his letters would no doubt release many of the baser passions, but before a public school was turned into a slaughterhouse there would surely be a decent interval for haggling and blackmail. Gervase Fen, fortunately a Professor of English and therefore primed with the details of the sequel to "Love's Labour's Lost," is so irritatingly quick in deduction that one's heart goes out to the lumbering local superintendent, whose type, handicapped by mere human intelligence, suffers such constant affronts from the uncanny amateurs of modern detective fiction that it would be a pleasure to write a novel puncturing these patronizing gentlemen. Perhaps if they could all be locked up together in a coal-shed we should then get the most satisfying murder story of all time. But Fen has to be forgiven, for he is a human fellow and well up to the conversational demands of a novel which, in the latest fashion, sublimates the regrettable necessity for blood in witty and erudite banter. It is amusingly told and its characters are drawn with subtlety and economy; among them not the least a tonically cynical headmaster and as engaging an aged bloodhound as ever wore dark pessimism in his eye.

E. O. D. K.



"Why didn't I have that instead of this?"



"Here they come again, Fred—what is there to see in here?"

Defaulter

THE bowl that they mixed me
in Alex.
Two thousand years ago
Held never a drop of water
But only wine and woe,
And I crept on board in the shadows,
And they put me down below.

And when Apollo had galloped
Up from the sea once more
They haled me on to the poop deck
By the painted steering-oar;
And I winked at the other defaulters,
But I gulped a bit at the shore.

The centurion prodded me forward
And tore the cloth from my head,
The slate was laid on the table
And the accusation read.
"I award you scale," said the tribune.
"Cut off his ears," he said.

I went to Mahomet's in Alex.
A thousand years ago
And drank long life to Nourheddin
And death to the Christian foe,
And I woke at the hour when the
Hydra
Is gnawed by the ravenous Crow.

Up to the snowy pavilion
Under the emerald flag,
At the end of a whip they drove me
And flung me down like a bag,
And they tore aside my turban
And wrenched away my gag.

And the emir stood in silence
To hear his prisoner speak,
But Night had stolen my courage
And left me dumb and meek.
"I award you scale," said the emir.
"Brand him on either cheek."

I discovered a pub in Alex.
A couple of days ago
Where the men of the sea foregather
And rivers of strong ale flow;
And on their ride I floated home
To where the violets grow.

But they bugled me yesterday
morning
And aft I had to lay
And stand barehead at the table
In the old familiar way.
"I award you scale," said the captain.
"Forfeit of leave and pay."

Well, that's the life of a sailor
And what he pays for his beers.
But the gods grow less exacting
In toll of blood and tears;
And I hope to get only a caution
In another thousand years.

Lady Addle and the Basic Ration

Bengers, Herts, 1948

MY DEAR, DEAR MR. GAITSKELL,—I really must write and congratulate you on your brilliant idea of dyeing petrol. Indeed, I am quite jealous, for I am particularly interested in amateur dyeing myself, and have made many experiments with woad, saffron and red ink—so you see I am quite a technician. But I should never in my wildest dreams have thought of anything so original as your little dodge. The only thing that occurs to me is—why stop at commercial petrol? Why not have black market petrol dyed black? And would it not be interesting to test the political feeling of the country by having blue, yellow and red petrol available for Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists? It would have to be a different shade of red from commercial petrol of course, as not quite all commercial people are Government supporters, are they? But anyway, you have made a start in bringing some colour into our lives, something that we all sorely need.

I also have to thank you for our little drop of basic petrol, which is a great boon, as it means we can now licence the big car again. We shall not use it of course as it consumes far too much fuel, but the extra gallons will be a welcome addition to the agricultural ration which we get for Addle to visit his sties—he loves to walk round them every day—and my supplementary to go to church, and other village organizations over which I preside. And Addle says we needn't worry about the extra expense, as the more money we spend now the less there will be left for the next "once for all" capital levy. And any time I am really short of petrol I have only to let Mipsie have the car for a day and she returns it with a full tank, and all I have to give up are clothing coupons. I did not realize that they were interchangeable, but my clever sister understands all these things so much better than I do.

I am sure you would laugh at some of my experiences since the basic ration was cut off. I tried to bicycle—but I cannot master these modern machines with their free-wheel appliances, and my beautiful bicycle which Papa gave me in 1880 was found to have a polygonum growing so strongly through its wheels that it is well-nigh ruined. Then I essayed the pony trap with dear old Bundle, who has not been used for years for anything but mowing, but he would keep trying to get on to the grass verges,

which made driving very tiring, so eventually I gave it up and decided—when I wanted to visit an old friend a few miles away—that I would hitch-hike!

I didn't tell Addle or anyone else for fear they would disapprove, but walked up the front drive and waited on the main road with a beating heart. Along came a lorry, and to my delight the man stopped when I hailed him and assisted me up beside him on what was not a very luxurious seat, it is true, but surely no worse than the dreadful seats at Lord's on which we are expected to sit for *pleasure* for two days in succession at the Eton and Harrow match. The driver was a very talkative man, but truth to tell I did not understand much of what he said. He kept on referring to something called the Third International, which I took to be some kind of football match, till suddenly he happened to mention that he would be glad to have the chance of personally slitting the throat of every aristocrat in the country. Then, all at once, I began to see daylight—we Coots have always been very acute in our perceptions—and turning to the man I asked him straight out if he was a Communist. On his replying that he was, I said "Well, my good fellow, I am an aristocrat! So come on, here is my throat, all ready to hand!" He was so astonished that he stopped the lorry

and we just looked at each other for a long minute and then suddenly we burst out laughing. After that we were the best of friends. I told him that I had never seen a Communist before and had no idea they could be so human and good-natured, and he said the same, though somewhat shyly, about Comrade Addle, as he picturesquely called me. He then taught me how to fill in a football forecast, which was most instructive, and I taught him the words of the National Anthem, which, to my surprise and horror, he did not know. He was very interested to hear about Mipsie and how kind she always was in filling up our car with petrol, and asked for her address. I hear now that they are great friends, and Mipsie has just telephoned to me that she and "Ginger," as she calls him, are shortly meeting together to plan out some great schemes "for the benefit of humanity" which are to start apparently on June 1st.

So you see, dear Mr. Gaitskell, how much you have also done in the cause of democracy, since all classes now, as Mipsie says, have only one end in view.

Yours sincerely,

BLANCHE ADDLE OF EIGG.
M. D.

"BLACKPOOL TRAIN ON PROMENADE."
Heading in "Manchester Evening News."

Unfair to bus drivers!



"Know anything about magnetos?"

Neck-Lines

"I SHOULD like a tie," I said to the man. I may have sounded as if the idea had only just struck me, but I had really been planning this since October. "When spring comes," I had said, "I will buy a grey pinhead-pattern double-breasted suit." But as the months passed, the plan dwindled, was scaled down by January to a pair of gay trousers for beach wear, and by March to a collar-attached shirt. Now it was a tie.

"Before it gets to be a stud," I said to the man, who foolishly smirked at the incomprehensible allusion. He said that a lot of gentlemen were buying ties that morning; he thought it must be the spring.

"To wear with the suit you have on?" he added flatteringly. As a matter of fact, though he could not have known, I *have* another suit, but I don't wear a tie with it: I don't even wear a jacket with it, but use the trousers (blue pin-stripe with an ice-field glitter) for beach wear; they make me easy to locate by the rest of my party at meal-times.

"Something quite plain," I said, "or with a very small design."

The man said he knew exactly the thing for me, and plucked a tie from a monster chest-of-drawers. "There!" he exclaimed, cracking it like a whip and knotting it adroitly round a finger.

"Isn't it rather pink?" I said, shutting one eye to cut out the biggest of the lemon-coloured lozenges which marched in open order across it.

He held it at arm's length and slightly behind him, pulling in his jaw critically and producing a sudden crop

of chins. "You could call it a class of pink," he admitted.

"I thought you could," I said.

"Thirty-two and twopence," said the man.

I explained that I was looking for a tie, not an investment; I didn't want to have to send the narrow end to Sir Stafford Cripps. His manner chilled almost imperceptibly; he took about eighty pounds' worth of ties from one drawer and threw them into another, slamming it.

"In the cheaper class, then," he said, "what about this?"

I glanced at it and looked away.

"I want a plain tie," I said. "That heliotrope and orange motif of stars and sausages tends, in my view, to impair any effect of complete plainness. Don't you agree?"

"Silk-lined," said the man evasively, passing it to and fro in front of my face.

"You mean I could wear it inside-out?"

He breathed out noisily through his nose, and draped his forearm with three more ties. All displayed dogs in vaguely heraldic attitudes.

"No dogs," I said.

"Eighteen shillings," he said, in tones of enticement.

"Even so. A plain tie."

I declined to be tempted by a maroon with gold tadpoles, a black with white whorls and a green with red zig-zags. The man's manner was distant as he showed me a tie in some stiff material with inch stripes of alternating blue and buff.

"What colours are those?" I asked

him, intending to make a note not to join the club.

"Blue and buff," he said, and stood there, waiting for me to go.

It was at that moment that I saw exactly what I wanted. It was very badly tied, with a large and wrinkled knot, and it was not what I should have chosen to wear with a black jacket and striped trousers. But it was exactly what I wanted.

"I'm not asking you to take it off," I said to the man, as he squinted down appraisingly trying to see under his chins, "but have you another like it?"

He didn't like to admit it, I could see that. He grunted as he went down on his haunches to the bottom drawer and got one out.

"The very thing," I said. "How much?"

"No lining," he said disparagingly.

"How much?"

"Three bob," he said, colouring painfully, and looked away as I gave him the money.

That was this morning. It is now night, and I have been trying to tie the tie for an hour and a half. It has a wicked personality, and tends either to tie with a large and wrinkled knot, roughly the shape of a boxing-glove, or to stand out from the collar like a watering-can handle, the narrow end reversed and uppermost. Fortunately I have long been looking for something to support my trousers for beach wear. Once or twice last year, running to join the rest of my party at meal-times, I became a good deal more easy to locate than I could have wished.

J. B. B.

CONVERSATION PIECE



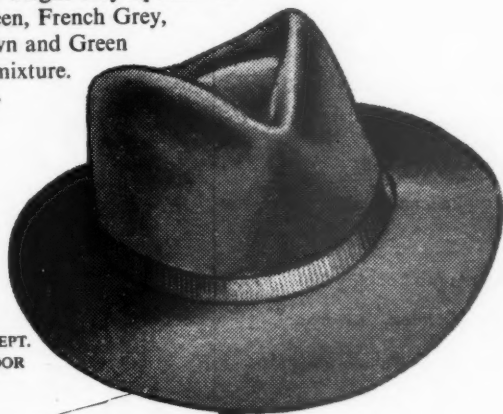
"... and if you'll PROMISE not to tell a living soul, I'll let you into a DEAD SECRET—it's just my old one let down."

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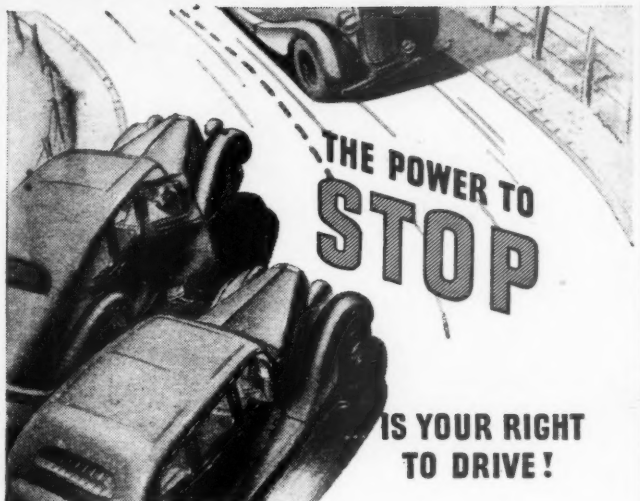
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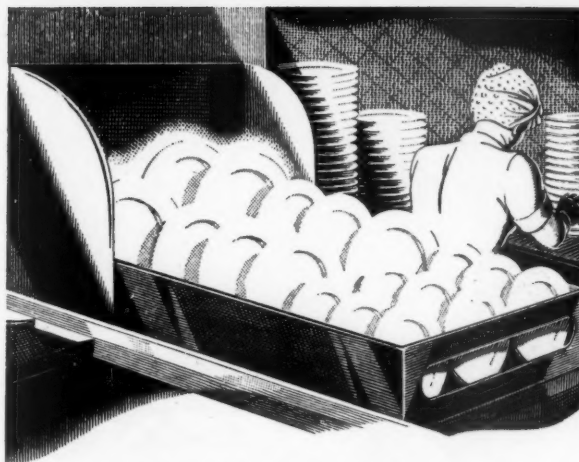
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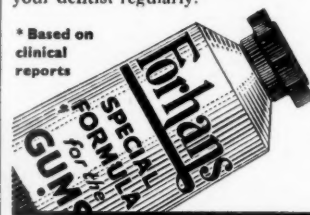


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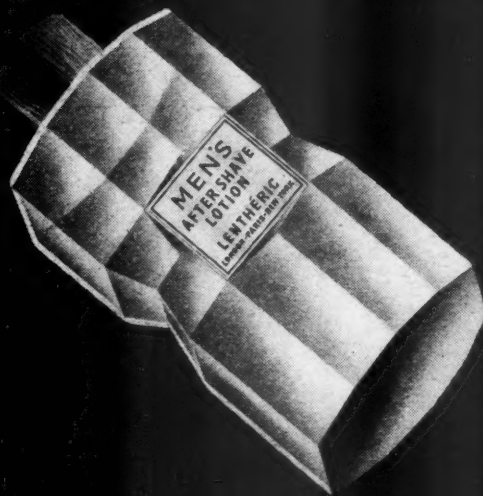
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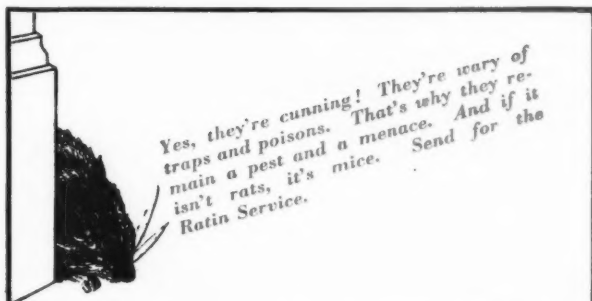
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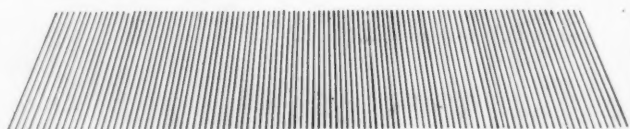
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